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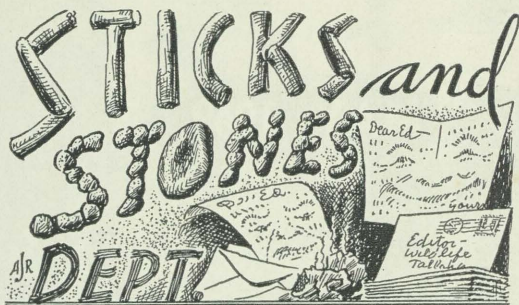
Florida WILDLIFE



PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE FLORIDA GAME
AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION

IN THIS ISSUE:

Florida's Stricken Waters



VOL. 2, NO. 12

Florida
WILDLIFE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE FLORIDA GAME
AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION

MAY, 1949

For the
Conservation, Restoration, Protection,
of Our Game and Fish

OUR APOLOGIES

Dear Sir:

In your March issue, you published a pictured captioned "Tom Wright, President of the Lake Apopka Sportsman's Association, Spraying Hyacinths." It seems to me you are giving credit to the wrong person. The man in the picture is Mr. Hoyle Pounds, the one man who put hours of hard, dirty work on that hyacinth control, to say nothing of the actual building of the barge.

Maybe Mr. Wright is president of the club, but Mr. Pounds and Mr. Baker and others are the ones who really started the whole thing, besides doing the dirty work.

MRS. H. POUNDS
Winter Garden.

(Florida Wildlife sincerely regrets the mistake made in the hyacinth spraying picture. We are sure Mr. Pounds and Mr. Baker have done a fine job for the sportsmen on and around Lake Apopka. Please accept our apology for the mistake and our congratulations for a job well done.—Ed.)

A MAYOR SPEAKS

Dear Sir:

I received my first copy of *Florida Wildlife* in February. I wanted to take this opportunity to tell you that I was delighted with it. I had often thought that a magazine devoted to hunting and fishing in our state alone would be extremely interesting. Your magazine fills this bill.

LLOYD C. BELL
Mayor
West Palm Beach

A BIT OF OLD ENGLAND

Dear Sir:

I have received two copies of *Florida Wildlife*. I am only 15 years old but I have learned to appreciate a good magazine, especially when it is American. I think your photographs are marvelous.

PHILIP RUSHWORTH
Yorkshire, England.

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The Cover

This 200-pound wild bear makes no bones about disliking cameramen. — Photo by C. H. Anderson.

Published monthly by the
FLORIDA GAME AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION
Tallahassee, Florida

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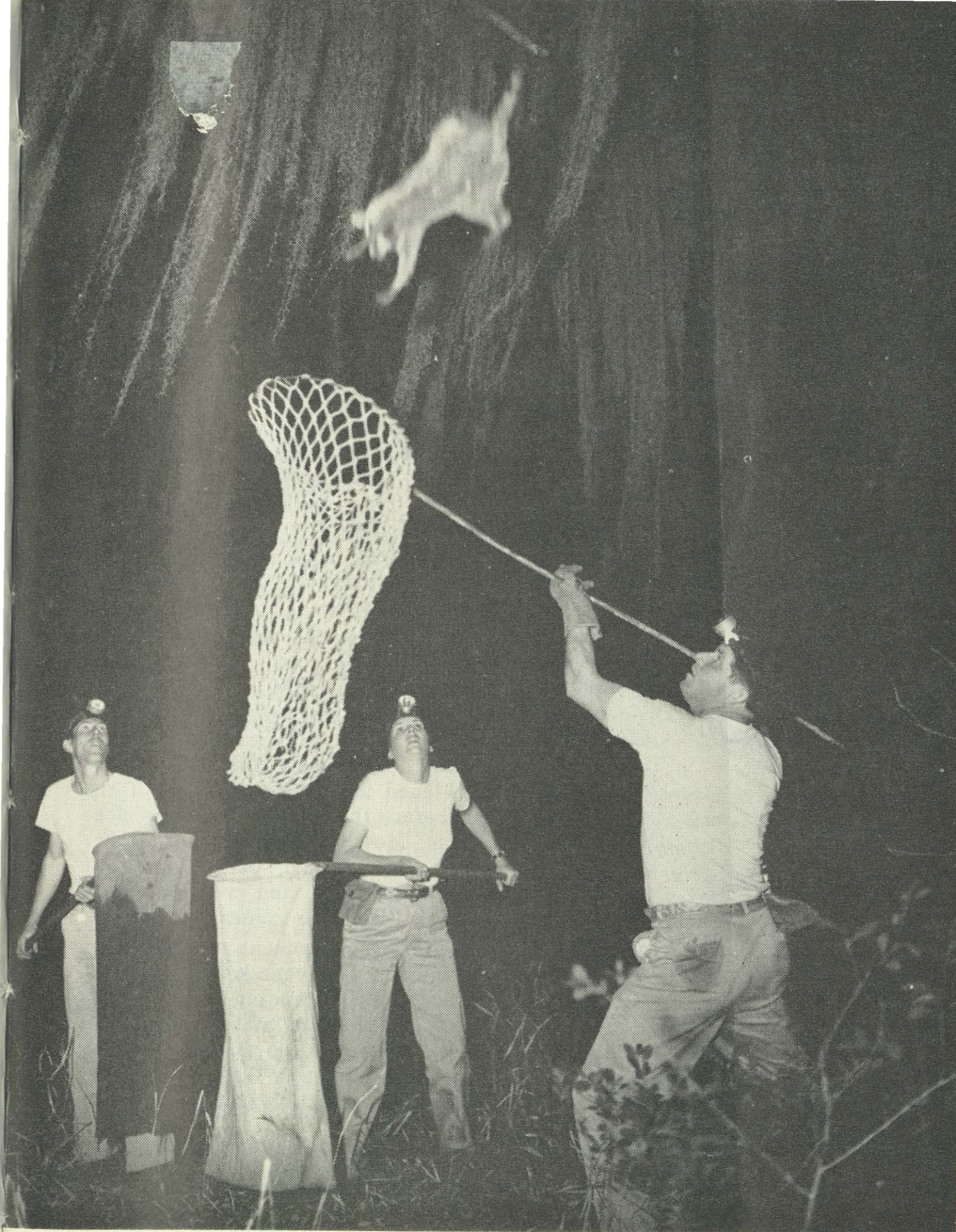
C. H. ANDERSON
Picture Editor

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Editorial contributions are welcomed, and all photographs will be returned after use. Manuscripts, news notes, and photographs should be addressed to Editor, *FLORIDA WILDLIFE*, Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Fla. Any changes of address should be reported promptly.

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Everyone keeps the headlights on the descending coon and the closest one to him makes a dash to net the animal in the air.

Going coon hunting with dogs and guns has always remained a fascinating sport with countless thousands of enthusiastic disciples, but there's an added thrill for the coon-hunting clan once they start catching 'em alive!

The "bring 'em back alive" method has greater possibilities now than ever before since the State Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission has found it necessary to remove the raccoon from the protected list. For my money, catching coons alive is more fun than a three-ring circus and I predict it's a new-type sport that will eventually become as popular as trailing a black bear or treeing a wildcat.

Ever since 1928 I've been conducting my private experiments on matching wits with live coons and I don't mind telling you that it's the unexpected things that happen on live coon catching expeditions that make them extremely fascinating. I've found that anything can happen from falling out of a tree to getting horribly skunked by a skunk—but it all adds up to fun, and after all that's what sportsmen are looking for.

I'm convinced that a lot of you fellows who are reading this article already have shrugged your shoulders

by ROSS ALLEN

It's great sport to hunt
coons the orthodox way,
but it's even more fun to—

BRING 'em back ALIVE

at my new-fangled idea of catching coons alive. Most of you very likely are firmly convinced that you couldn't catch enough coons to grease the bottom of a roasting pan—but you're wrong!

I've been taking any where from four to 20 every time I go out and I don't mind boasting that 32 stands as my best night's record. What's more there's always a chance that, in addition to the coons, you might even catch a skunk, possum, fox or maybe a wildcat.

Experience has taught me that six or seven people make up the most effective hunting party. There very definitely is a problem of having too few or too many hunters with you if you expect to succeed. Apparently



When a coon is spotted, one of the hunters, equipped with pole climbers with long spikes, starts up the tree like a circus monkey on a pole.

experience isn't too much of an essential; many a time I have taken a "first nighter" with me and he's wound up with a live coon on his very first try.

I'm not trying to tell you that we catch coons everytime we go out—for that wouldn't be the truth. There're times when the weather isn't just right or maybe the moon is too full. On the other hand, they'll fool you once in a while when you least expect it. Take for instance the time we hunted in a big swamp until 2 o'clock in the morning and finally decided to give it up as a bad deal. Up until that time we hadn't even seen a coon, much less caught one, so we decided to cook up a snack and go to bed for the rest of the night. After taking on our chow we all voted against washing dishes and, instead, piled the dirty utensils up for a morning cleaning, and turned in beneath our mosquito bars. It wasn't long afterward that all of us were jerked awake by the darndest noise a human has ever heard. It was a din midway between an earthquake and a husband having a dish-throwing fight with his spouse.

Almost simultaneously seven flashlights were put into action and there we saw the cause of the nocturnal disturbance. It was three coons giving a tongue-washing job to our dirty dishes—three coons—and we'd gone to bed disgusted because we figured there wasn't a single one in the whole swamp!

Just observing these three coons was a valuable experience in itself. Finally they tangled with a loaf of bread after the dishes were "washed." This escapade developed into a pretty exciting three-way fight. One coon finally gave up but the other two carried the battle right up into a tree overhead. Battling over a piece of bread just like two dogs, both animals finally lost their balance and came tumbling down. One of them came crashing through my mosquito net but all of us were so taken by surprise that we never recovered our wits until the belligerent coons had scampered to safety in the bushes.

The real success secret of live coon hunting I believe is in "out-smarting" the coon himself. As soon as we spot one we give him such a rush that he immediately takes to a tree—and that's exactly what we want to happen. When I start a hunt I usually head my jeep down a country sand road or an old trail and post two hunters with headlights on top of the car and another on the right hand fender. With an ordinary hunting party, that leaves the driver and

another hunter inside the jeep. We take one dog and he's continually held for action in the quickest emergency.

I keep on heading the jeep down the road until one of the party focuses his light in a coon's eyes. As soon as we spot a shining pair of eyes, we quickly try to decide what it is, because if it's fox or a wildcat it usually adds up to a long, useless chase and a worn-out dog.

As soon as the coon is identified, I slam on the brakes and everyone bails out armed with an ordinary dip net. We free our dog and everyone starts rushing the coon. Sometimes, but not often, we'll catch him on the ground, but usually they'll head for the nearest tree.

As soon as we locate the exact branch he's on, one of the hunters, equipped with pole climbers with extra long spikes, starts up the tree with the speed of a circus monkey on a pole. Sometimes, the coon is so frightened that he'll jump out of the tree before the climber ever gets close to him. Mostly, however, the climber reaches the animal, pushes him out of the branches and yells to high heaven: "Here he comes!"

That's the moment we've been waiting for. Everyone keeps the headlights on the descending coon and the closest one to him makes a dash to net the animal in the air. Many times this effort succeeds. Then too, many a time, the coon hits the ground and

My most exciting hunt was the time I grabbed for a coon and my partner slammed his net over my head.

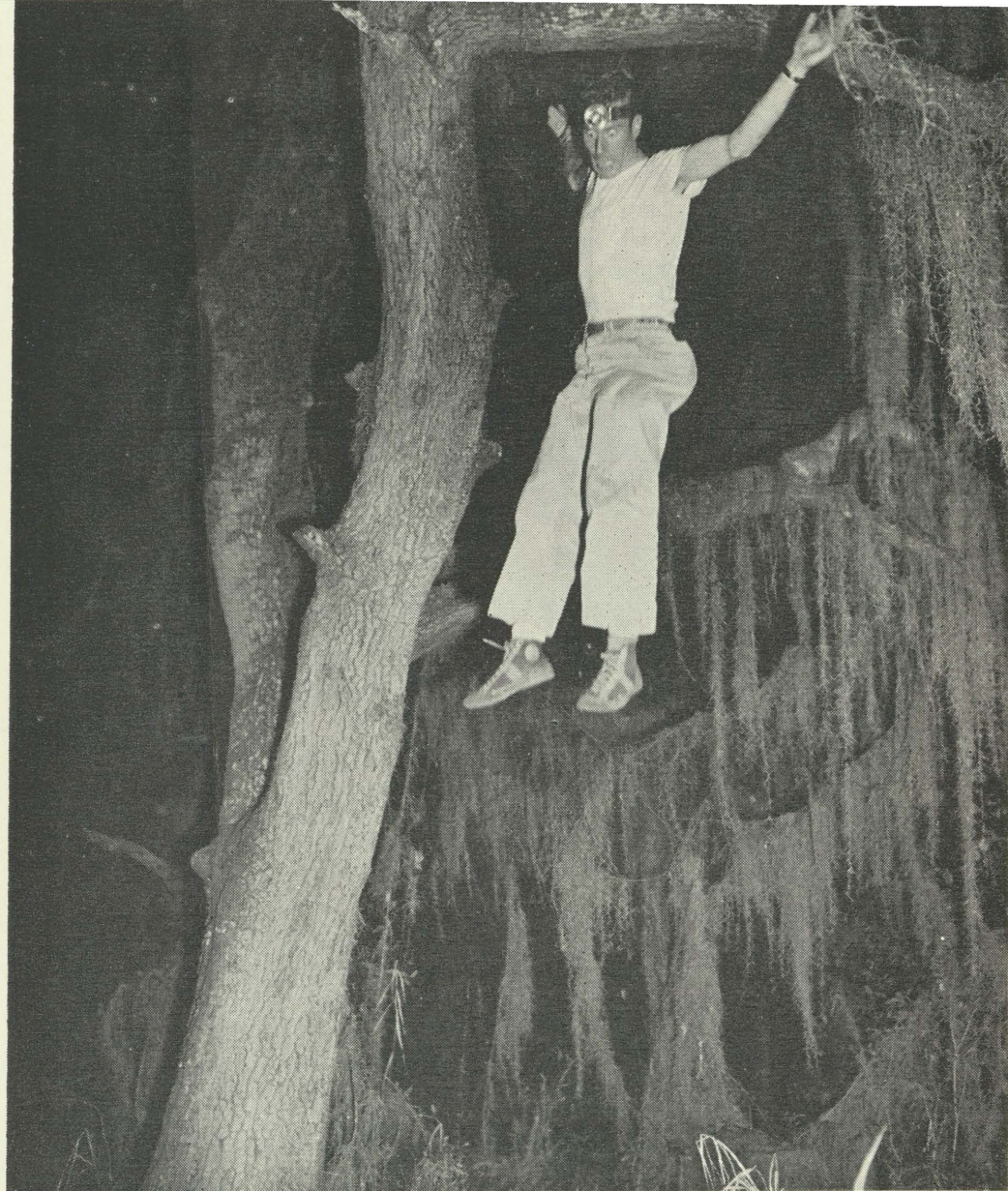


that naturally means a mad scramble of would-be netters. Our dog, by this time, pitches in to give his help in delaying the coon's flight. Some of the hunters hold their nets in front of the scrambling coon while others slam at him exactly like you do in capturing butterflies. Sometimes, in the height of excitement, we even net each other.

I guess about the most exciting hunt I ever had came the night I fell on top of a coon and had to start grabbing him with my hands. Just when I was grabbing, one of my hunting partners slammed his net over my head and at the same moment my dog jumped square on my back. I don't mind telling you that for a few exciting seconds I was prepared for a combination dog-biting and coon chewing. But everything worked out and I escaped with nothing more serious than a couple sore fingers.

Coons, I've discovered are vicious fighters, and I'm convinced could lick their weight in wildcats! Once they start fighting it is a lightning-like combination of four feet, a pair of strong jaws and a good set of mighty sharp teeth. They growl and snarl like a young bear and I don't mind telling you that many a good hunting dog has been licked by a coon simply because he wasn't "coon wise." A great many old coons will do their best to fool a dog too. Many a time, I've seen them climb a tree about five or six feet, bail out, without the dog seeing them and then, probably laugh, when the seasoned dog keeps on barking the wrong tree. My dog, Slick, is plenty cautious. He tries to hit coons fast, tumble them over, and then grab them by the back the very first chance. Many a time he gets bit too, but he always comes back for more. A good-sized Florida coon weighs from 10 to 14 pounds, much smaller than their northern cousins, but equally as efficient when it comes to fighting.

Not long ago, one of my companions, Red Turner, made a mistake that was comical at the time but could have ended in a serious accident. He'd started toward the ground after climbing a pretty tall tree and shaking down a coon. It was pitch dark and Red thought he was close to the ground. He accordingly held on to a limb and then let go, figuring on a three or four foot drop. Instead he was about 20 feet up in



Figuring he was three or four feet from the ground, Red Turner found out too late that he was 20 feet in the air and passed six or seven big limbs before he landed.

the air and passed six or seven limbs on a drop to the ground that scratched and bruised him mighty painfully.

One trip I'll never forget was the night it literally "rained" coons. We were hunting down on a big hammock when George Espenlaub spotted one. We all rushed into the palmetto thicket and, to our surprise, spotted not one but five up in a big water oak. Ned Moren and I took our posts on the ground and George climbed the tree to shake them out. We yelled at him to shake them down one at a time, but when he shook the limb all five tumbled down at the same time. I caught one in my right hand and another in my left and tried to hold another between my legs. Just like lightning, all three bit me at

the same time. Meanwhile, Ned, holding one of the coons in his hand, started running for another when he fell down and tattered his clothes in a bunch of briers. To make a long story short—we didn't wind up with a single coon—and that's why I say coon hunting is really fun!

Coon hides once were quite valuable on the fur market but today it's quite a problem to sell them. However there is a slight demand for live coons to replenish the coon stock in states where they have been destroyed or hunted out. But regardless of market conditions, any coon hunter will tell you that hunting them is just plain, unadulterated good sport. So, I repeat—catching coons alive is more fun than a three-ring circus!

Florida sportsmen have always given cries of joy on the infrequent occasions when they have bagged the "dessert" of waterfowl hunting—a wild goose; but seldom have they given much thought to the bird's appetite. However, I went into the goose restaurant business for two seasons and found out just what green plants are palatable to a goose's breakfast, dinner, or supper taste. I think my findings might prove im-

portant to an eventual Florida wild goose restoration project.

I felt that a fundamental step toward solving the state's wild goose scarcity problem would be to acquire a thorough understanding of their feeding habits. Just what green foods to supplement their grain diet do wild geese prefer? Can these preferred green plants be raised? How do they stand up under constant feeding? I believed that by answering some of these questions I would interest

others who might do further research and thereby resolve a plan to restore the state's wild goose population.

To find some answers, I set up a "Wild goose cafeteria" on my wildfowl farm at McIntosh, and began an experiment. I selected a 2½ acre section of well sodded marshland and water on Orange Lake. On the sodded area I planted bermuda, carpet, vasey, smartweed, and Fort Thompson grasses and a scattering of pest plants such as coffee weed, ragweed, and dog fennel which had to be kept under control. The water area was slightly under half an acre, varying in depth from zero to about 30 inches. The width was approximately 100 feet; the length 200. This was my "goose restaurant." Species of Canada, Snow, Blue, Barnacle, Cackling, Whitefronted, and Magellan geese, taken from my captive reared wild goose flock, were to be "my customers."

Geese had pastured on this plot, both land and water, for several years but the natural growth seemed insufficient to take care of their needs. During the spring and summer months they normally graze more on land than water, but with the coming of cool weather, which retards the growth of upland grasses and makes them tough, they would feed more and more on water plants.

All plants were set by hand in the cafeteria. They were put out as soon as possible after being brought in and all were planted within a few days of each other at the proper time, which in this section occurs during March and April.

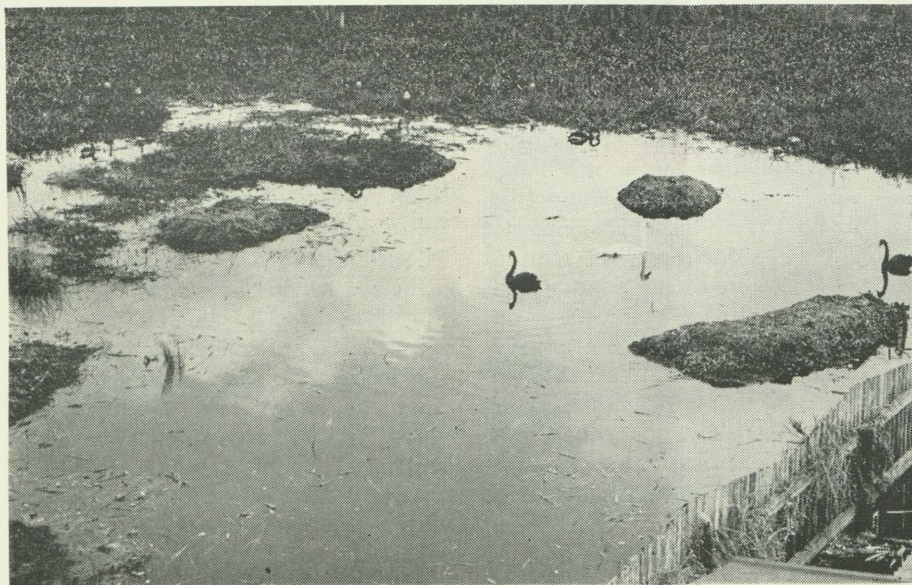
The geese were fenced off from these plantings but were allowed access to part of the adjoining water. By doing this they would be accustomed to the place and would readily begin feeding in the cafeteria plots as soon as the fence was removed. This they did and were soon grazing over the area regularly. They soon showed their approval of the cafeteria, which by this time contained many freshly growing plants and seeds. They would drift around feeding almost continuously. With a sodded section near for land grazing, this set-up approached as nearly as

WILD-GOOSE CAFETERIA

Just like you and I, honkers have some definite food preferences. To find out what they are, the author conducted a novel two-year experiment.

by M. N. GIST

The 2-acre section of sodded, marshland and water on Orange Lake where green plants were grown to subsidize the diet of wild geese.



possible the feeding conditions they would look for in the wild.

Each morning at their regular food stand the geese were given a small amount of clipped oats in buckets of water and in the evening a liberal portion of grain. As the fall season approached, the grain was increased somewhat, but as nearly as we could estimate, they ate only about half as much grain when the grazing was good as when it was poor.

The selection of feed by the geese was surprisingly similar. It was comparably easy to find which plants they preferred; these would be eaten first and often completely. The tops of the plants were usually eaten first; unless they were old and tough, then the seed would be carefully eaten away. Aquatic growths such as grass-leaved sagittaria were cleaned out and had to be replaced from fresh stock each season.

After two years, I checked the plots to learn how the green feed had stood up under the appetites of the geese. The thalia, which was the tallest plant on the menu, had persisted even though the birds had access to it for two seasons. It was found to reproduce itself from its seeds dropped into the muddy bottom of the cafeteria. Wading in a little farther, I found that banana lilies and underwater banana plants were still fairly numerous. A little watershield and frogbit also remained. But such succulent plants as grass-leaved sagittaria, coontail, and water weed were entirely wiped out. I included smartweed in the goose diet just to see what they would do with it. I believe they do not eat the plant. Many of them were pulled to the surface, but I am inclined to think they either ate only a few of the tender roots or else pulled it up to get the hairgrass that grows all around it. Of course, a quantity of smartweed will be taken by them in the course of a season, either from the bottom or as a "drift feed" from the surface of the water.

They apparently decided that many of the naturally tall growing plants such as bulrushes are too tough for their palates, so they cut off the

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Captive reared wild Canadian geese are shown going to lunch in their man-made "cafeteria."

The author inspects one section of the GOOSE CAFETERIA just before letting the geese in to graze.





BEAUTIFUL—BUT DEADLY!

FLORIDA'S STRICKEN WATERS

By

Howard R. Bissland and Bill Weeks

CONCLUSION

SOMEONE once said that beauty is often a mask for danger. This old axiom fits the water hyacinth to perfection. Its rich green leaves and soft lavender blossoms draw a strikingly beautiful picture, but beneath it all is a cold core of deadliness. The hyacinth is a killer that strikes ruthlessly at waterways, business enterprise, and even human life. Only in recent years has the weed come to be recognized as a menace to public health. Today health officials are as anxious to see the plant destroyed as are sportsmen and waterway engineers. The hyacinth and its relatives, pickerel weed and water lettuce, they have found, are the principal host plants of the *Mansonia* mosquito. This particular species of mosquito is a transmitter of two of the most dread diseases known to medical science, sleeping sickness and elephantiasis. The *Mansonia*, like other mosquitoes, does its breeding in stillwater lakes and ponds. However, unlike other breeds its larva does not breathe through the surface of the water. It remains completely submerged and obtains oxygen by puncturing aquatic plants and breathing through the hollow stems. This clever characteristic makes it completely invulnerable to larvaciding. Right now state mosquito control men frankly admit that curbing the *Mansonia* is one of the toughest nuts they have to crack.

"Wherever there is a heavy concentration of hyacinths or similar plants, you'll find plenty of *Mansonia* mosquitoes," a state entomologist told us recently. Furthermore, he added, there is practically no means of controlling them unless the host plants are eliminated. The problem is particularly acute in the lake region of central Florida, where there are thousands of bodies of water, virtually all liberally spotted with floating aquatics.

The old nemesis of the Southland, the *Anopheles* mosquito, has also found a protector in the water hyacinth. The broad, thick leaves of the plant form a very effective umbrella when mosquito control units

begin their spraying activities. The U. S. Public Health Service says a sparse to moderate concentration of hyacinths will reduce the effectiveness of larvaciding as much as half. Several years ago an Englishman who had observed India's water plant problem, came up with the theory that hyacinths actually helped curb mosquito infestation. Here in Florida, however, there is very little evidence to support his theory. Entomologists agree that mosquitos aren't likely to breed in a lake or pond *completely covered* by hyacinths. However, controlling mosquitos in this fashion would be something like slicing off your head to cure a hangover.

HYACINTHS that wash ashore to rot and discolor beaches cause thousands of dollars worth of property damage every year. At least half a dozen fishing camps in Central Florida have been driven completely out of business by the floating blocks. However, from a cold dollars-and-cents standpoint the plant has perhaps wielded its most telling blows in the rich agricultural section of the Glades. This fabulously fertile muckland, reclaimed from a watery sawgrass wilderness, depends on an \$18,000,000 network of canals and drainage ditches for its very existence. These important waterways are the vehicles for both irrigation and drainage — two equally vital problems in the area. For years hyacinths have played havoc with both. Because of the flat terrain the canals and ditches are generally shallow and quite sluggish. In this type stream a moderate to dense growth

Hunting and fishing are only two of the things menaced by water hyacinths. Public health, irrigation and water control also fit into the picture.

(This is the last of a two-part series on Florida's water hyacinth problem. Co-author Howard Bissland is a biologist with U. S. Soil Conservation Service.—Ed.)



This central Florida stream was once a good fishing spot; now it's a solid mat of hyacinths.

of hyacinths will cut the rate of flow from 40 to 60 percent. During a heavy rainy season this condition can have but one result—acres of crop-destroying flood waters.

Strangely enough during drought periods hyacinths can have even more telling effects. In the first place they hamper the mechanics of irrigation. Weed-blocked channels have trouble delivering an adequate flow of water. Water levels are hard to raise when the surface of a stream is weighted down with a solid mass of hyacinths. On top of all this, hyacinths are notorious wasters of water. The transpiration rate of the plant is abnormally heavy. The Everglades Experiment Station has found that a dense growth of hyacinths will use up as much as 150 inches of water a year. This is two to three times the normal rainfall in this section of the state, and about 300 percent over the normal water loss through evaporation.

Growers in this area have long recognized the hyacinth as a deadly, money-costing menace, and not just a nuisance. After the rugged drought in the spring of 1945, Lamar Johnson, engineer for the Everglades Drainage District, said in a report to the district Army Engineers:

"Hyacinth block here (along Hillsboro Canal) was the difference between a normal crop and a short one . . ."

This also meant the difference between good business and not-so-good

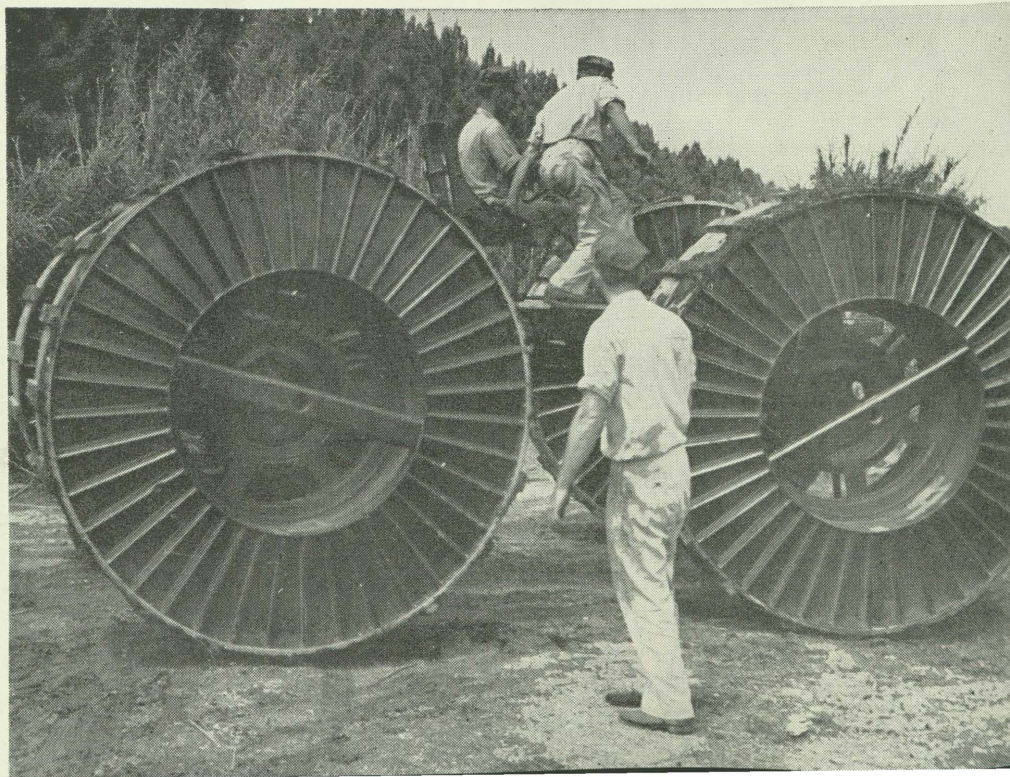
business for such ambitious towns as Belle Glade, Pahokee and South Bay. Members of the Everglades Drainage Board have known this for a long time. Except for a 10-year period of financial embarrassment, the agency has waged a continuous war against the noxious weed since the mid-twenties. At times it was forced to spend as much as \$3,000 a mile to clear up stretches of its drainage system. Not until this year, however, was it able to sight any horizons of

success. Today Engineer Lamar Johnson and his associates have finally cleared up miles and miles of important waterway, but they are not so sure how long they will remain clear. Johnson, one of the foremost hyacinth authorities in the state, knows the problem is still acute and will remain so until the weed is eliminated in the watersheds above him.

UNFORTUNATELY, hyacinth elimination is considerably easier discussed than carried out. Years of indifference has allowed it to gain a tremendous foothold. Those who know estimate that it would take three years of concentrated, statewide effort to bring the plant under even a modicum of control. From then on it would be a matter of constant patrol and surveillance. Like the unholy garfish, the hyacinth has been admirably equipped by nature to carry on the fight for self-preservation. Biologically it presents an almost impregnable defense against extinction. As long as a single plant is allowed to live and grow, its future is assured. Even when the hyacinth is completely eradicated from a body of water, the fight is far from over. The University of Florida Experiment Station has found that hyacinth seeds will remain viable for seven years. Any time within that period the menace is capable of cropping out anew, even though every vestige of the plant itself has been erased.

Some of the more optimistic stream improvement men feel that 10 years of concentrated effort could clear our

One of the devices used for spraying dense hyacinth concentrations.



waters forever and always. Still others feel that, no matter how comprehensive or how long range the program is, the correct nomenclature will continue to be hyacinth "control" and not hyacinth "eradication".

All agree, however, that the key to either is a statewide program taken over and handled by one responsible agency. This is the policy Louisiana is now following with considerable success. After years of sporadic but futile control attempts by half a dozen agencies and private organizations, the state has now dumped the whole problem into the hands of the game and fish department. To finance the program the state legislature voted the department a million dollars out of the general fund. Up to now, however, Florida has remained in the watching and waiting stage. Much of the waiting is for action from the federal government. Congress has toyed with the idea of appropriating money for hyacinth control for several years now. Last session Rep. Dondero of Louisiana introduced a bill calling for \$25,000,000 in federal money to combat the plague. The proposal died a lingering death in committee. Close observers in Washington are of the opinion that sooner or later federal monies may be made available for hyacinth control, but how much or when is another question. One high federal official told us recently that he believed action was another year away and that even then the money would be appropriated only on a matching fund basis.

This year the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission took the bull by the horns and asked the Florida legislature for a higher license structure to raise additional revenue which could be put toward hyacinth control and lake improvement. How much weight this request will carry is a matter for conjecture. However, the commission feels it has at least started the ball to rolling—and in the direction of the hyacinth it hopes. The Everglades Drainage District hopes to strike the pest a statutory blow from another direction. Lamar Johnson is asking the lawmakers to pass a measure prohibiting the sale or transportation of hyacinths anywhere in Florida. Unfortunately, many individuals are still taken in with the flowering beauty of the plant, and in South Florida, particularly, stores and roadside stands are selling or giving them away as souvenirs. Johnson feels that his bill will curb the spread of the plant to certain extent.

Perhaps it will, but more important it will point up the seriousness of the hyacinth problem. Through the years the plant has cost Florida countless millions of dollars; yet thousands still defend it because "it's so pretty." Others insist that hyacinths shouldn't be destroyed, but utilized in some profitable production. This theory sounds good, but unfortunately it hasn't turned out to be very practical. Through years of experimentation scientists have found that hyacinths can be used in the manufacture of paper, storm sheeting and a certain type fertilizer—but not profitably. The composition of the plant is 96 percent water. This high water content makes it a poor bet for any sort of industrial use. One of the state's

SPORTSMAN'S PRAYER

Dear Lord, when Gabriel blows his
blast

And I go home to rest at last

Don't measure me for harp and
wings

Let me have instead these things

Some tackle and a rod and reel
A pair of waders and a creel

A gushing frothy teeming stream
A quiet lake by which to dream

An angel pal with whom to angle
Magic lines that will not tangle

And permission, Lord, with fingers
crossed

To lie about the biggest fish I lost.

—Mrs. J. P. Newton

foremost soil scientists, after nearly a decade of experimenting with hyacinths, summed up his conclusions in one laconic sentence:

"The water hyacinth," he reported, "is not worth a damn for anything!"

WHAT, exactly, is this "Jekyll and 'Hyde" plant that has caused us so much trouble, and where did it come from? The technical designation for water hyacinth is *Eichornia crassipes*, and according to botanists it is "a perennial, mat-forming, floating aquatic of wide distribution in tropical and sub-tropical regions." Its introduction into Florida has been the subject of considerable legend and a few well-colored lies. Actually the weed was introduced in

the St. Johns River sometime between 1884 and 1886. In 1884 the Japanese government imported several hundred of the plants from Venezuela to decorate its display at the International Cotton Exposition in New Orleans. With a fine show of generosity, the Nipponese presented samples of the pretty flowers to several enthusiastic visitors. Among the happy recipients was one Mrs. W. F. Fuller of Edgewater, Fla. Mrs. Fuller promptly took her prize back home and planted it in a garden pond. The plant thrived beyond her fondest expectations, and in no time at all her tiny pond was adorned with a fascinating carpet of lavender and green. Mrs. Fuller was captivated. This, she decided, was too good a thing not to share with the other flower-lovers of the state. So in a burst of public-spirited benevolence she plucked a few dozen little bouquets from her floating garden and happily sprinkled them into the St. Johns River.

The hyacinths took it from there. By 1890 the river was so jammed steamboat lines were appealing to Congress for help. In 1896 the U. S. Department of Agriculture sent a botanist named Herbert Webber down to survey the situation. Webber reported that things were very bad indeed.

That summer, he pointed out, a strong north wind had driven the plants from Lake George up the river, "forming a solid mass entirely covering the river for a distance of 25 miles." On the basis of Webber's report Congress appropriated \$5,000 to "study" hyacinth conditions in the State. About that time Florida's infant cattle industry took note of the fact that cows fed on the new plants with apparent relish. Anxious to supply their scrawny herds with additional graze, the cowmen loaded up bags of hyacinths from the St. Johns and carefully transplanted them in lakes and streams near their own ranges. Actually it wasn't until a few years ago that ranchers were convinced that hyacinths did more harm than good as a cattle feed. The plant contains very little nutritional support, yet cattle will often take it in lieu of grass. The net result is a bloated cow instead of a fat one.

MEANWHILE, the federal government had put its \$5,000 to work in an effort to find a method for eliminating the spreading menace. The first concrete control effort was

(Continued on Page 19)



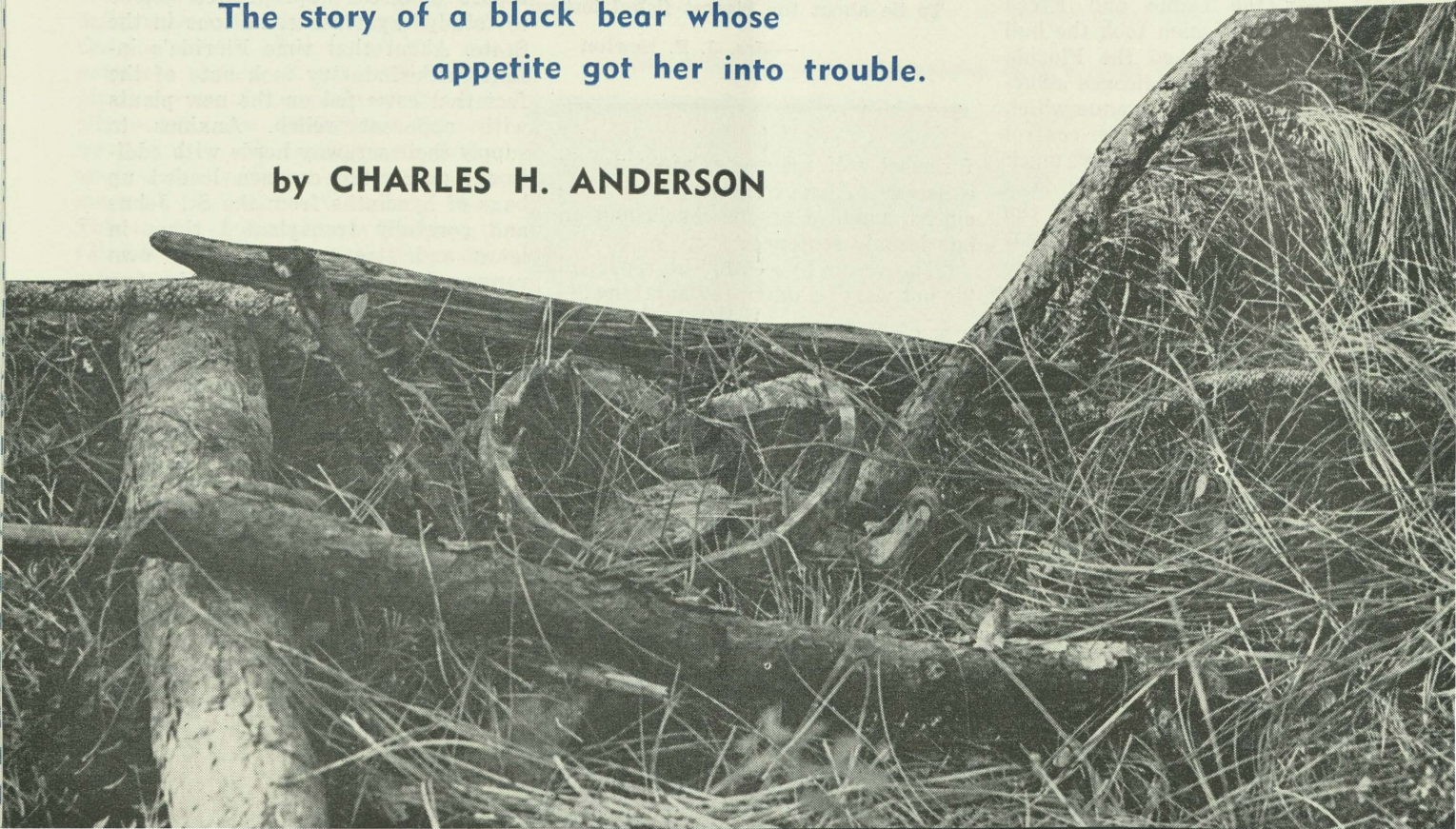
The **SAGA OF SWEET-TOOTH**

The story of a black bear whose
appetite got her into trouble.

by CHARLES H. ANDERSON

1. Sweet-tooth was here. Seab Larkins owner of the apiary surveys the damage. This was the third visit from the bear.

2. After securing a trapping permit plans and traps are laid to take the bear alive.



OLD Sweet-Tooth had done it just once too often. Like so many of her breed she had become an addict. She couldn't resist dipping her shaggy paws into the sweet, sticky contents of the white boxes that were scattered at vantage points throughout the forest.

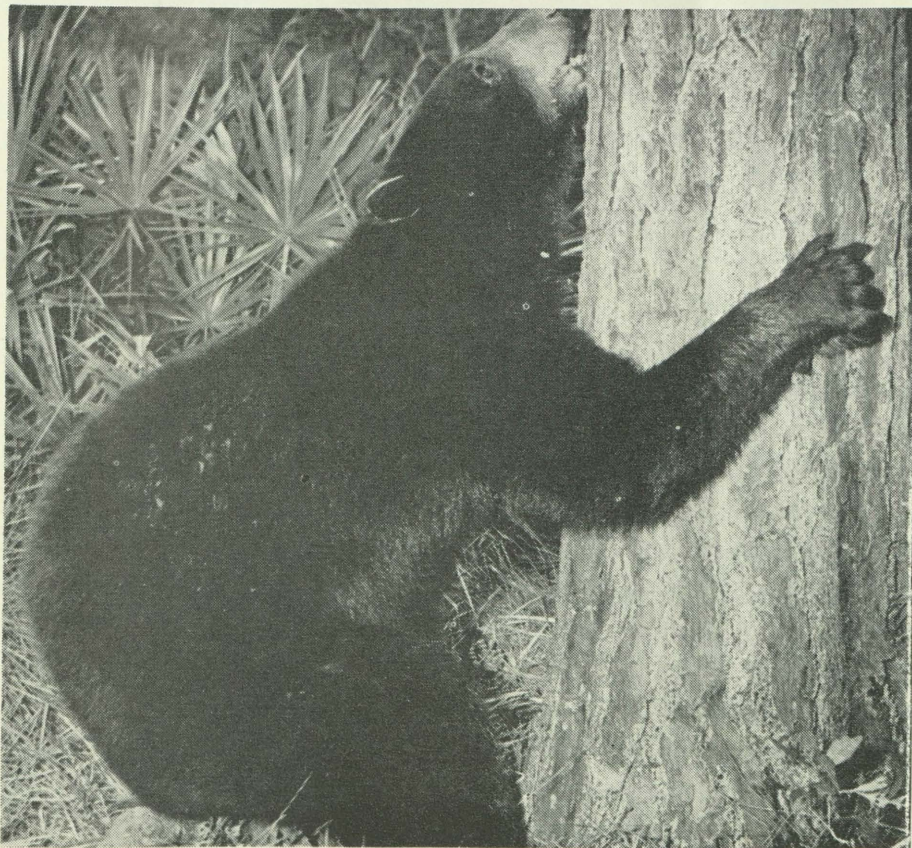
Cautiously lumbering her way back to the scene of yesterday's raid, she would stop, sniff the air, rear up on her haunches to see if the forest trail was clear, then give a sign to the pair of yearling cubs that were following in her wake. Today the cubs were going to be introduced to that sweet, sticky nectar of the woods that was always guarded by those little, buzzing brown bombers.

Sweet-Tooth's recon work was getting along well except for one very important thing. She couldn't read the signs that had been nailed to several trees in the neighborhood of the white boxes. In bold letters they stated, DANGER, BAITED BEAR TRAP.

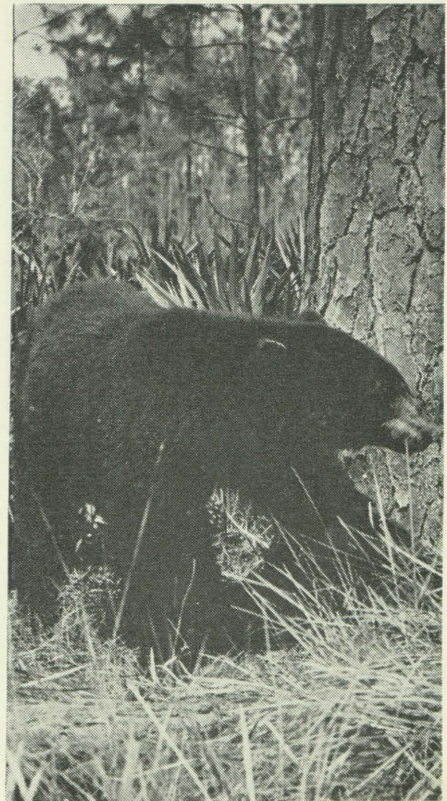


3. "What's this?" Sweet-tooth sniffs the man scents on the trap. If she had dropped her nose an inch or two farther there would have been a mighty sore schnozzle. But—

4. —the next instant she put her feet in the works. There was a loud bellow, a sudden jerk of the feet and Sweet-tooth was free of the steel.



5. Momentarily stunned from the sharp pain of the trap she is undecided where to go. The tree looks like an avenue of escape.





6. Climbing a tree with a sore foot was no go. When she dropped down a couple of roping experts threw a snubbing noose over her head.

7. Coleman Newman, Game Commission Director and ex-Texan, shows how a roping job should be handled.

8. Tired but otherwise unhurt, Sweet-tooth easily became reconciled to her fate. Chained to a tree she awaits a truck that will take her to a new home in the Choctawhatchee National Forest.



STICKS AND STONES

(Continued from Page 2)

CONFUSED READER

Dear Sir:

Not being critical of the magazine, but merely from close observation of all items and pictures, I noticed the cover on the March issue.

The fisherman has been very successful and has a beautiful fish in his possession, but please explain to me what type Johnson motor you have pictured in the background.

As I have been familiar with Johnson motors over a period of years I was surprised when I noticed that this one, judging from the controls, is just backwards to every one I ever saw before. If possible, please explain this picture to one of your dumb sportsmen.

A. E. DeWEESE, JR.
Pensacola.

(The negative was reversed in order to lend what we thought was a better effect to the picture; consequently, all positions with reference to right and left were reversed.—ED.)

CENSORS ARTICLES

Dear Sir:

We have been getting *Florida Wildlife* for some time and have been pleased with it and glad there was such a magazine.

I was just about to pass on the January issue to our school at Limestone, because of the excellent article on hawks, when I noticed the two pieces, "Dog vs. Snake" and "Slumming for Targets," which sounded like "just killing anything you want, what difference."

According to anything I have ever read gopher snakes are entirely harmless and useful and certainly they are well behaved and interesting creatures to have around. Every man and boy in our neighborhood given an idle moment and a snake will worry it to death or kill it and these encouraging pictures do nothing to stop it.

I don't know the status of crows, but it

seems hardly possible to make the indiscriminate killing of one species prevent that of another. So after removing the page that has these two articles on it, the remainder of the magazine will go to the school.

MRS. W. G. KIRK
Ona, Florida

(FLORIDA WILDLIFE had no intention of sanctioning "indiscriminate" killing of gopher snakes, crows or any other game or non-game. However, we would be burrowing our heads in the sand if we refused to recognize that most species of wildlife are killed legitimately at one time or another. "Snake vs Dog" was presented merely as a dramatic picture story, and "Slumming for Targets" as a form of legal and popular sport.—ED.)

WHAT ABOUT TURTLES?

Dear Sir:

Something like 30 years ago my brother was speaking in one of the more isolated counties of southwest Alabama in favor of a tick eradication program. When the talk was over the audience was invited to ask questions. Questions were asked and answered until one old fellow shouted, "What about gnats?" My brother could think of no connection between gnats and ticks so after a very embarrassing pause he in turn asked, "Well, what about gnats?" The old fellow then said, "Well, sonny, that just shows what you don't know about ticks. Don't you know that all the gnats hatch out into ticks?" I don't think the entomologists have yet been able to verify the old fellow's theory.

Recently, in a discussion about quails turtles were mentioned. On the face of it, there would seem to be no more relation between turtles and quail than between gnats and ticks. So, the question, "Well, what about turtles?" might be in order.

In this area there are many fresh water ponds and lakes. Hide hunters have greatly depleted the alligators, who are credited with holding the turtles in check.

I don't know if that accounts for it or not but our lakes are well stocked with turtles.

Turtles lay eggs on the land, usually within 50 yards of the water. Also, it is an important fact that the turtles lay their eggs at the same time of year that the quail are nesting. Turtle eggs are deposited in a narrow strip about the margins of ponds and lakes. Quail nests are scattered widely over the higher land. There are many more turtle eggs on a given area about the ponds and lakes than there are quail eggs on the same area of upland. Due to this, the turtle eggs are more easily found by skunk, opossum, fox, cats and crows than are quail eggs. Quail and turkey eggs seem to be equally relished.

It follows that the egg-eaters and potential quail nest destroyers, finding a plentiful supply of eggs to their liking, are drawn to the margins of the ponds and lakes and away from the likely nesting sites of the quail. We cannot escape the conclusion that the lowly turtles has a rightful place in quail discussions and that in all probability he is doing yeoman service in perpetuating the sport of quail hunting. So, "What about turtles?"

WM. W. GOODE
Tallahassee.

DOGS, GUN AND MAGAZINE

Dear Sir:

I was recently transferred from Jacksonville to Miami. I have worried more about not getting the January issue of *Florida Wildlife* than anything else that goes with moving the family and all functions combined.

Then the post office department in Jacksonville found out I wasn't living there anymore and sent the issue down here to me.

There isn't much use to tell you how much I enjoy your magazine because you've probably guessed it by now. I'm just as proud to be on that mailing list as I am of my gun and dogs so keep it up. Us Florida guys like to know what is going on all around the state.

CHARLES KEENE
Miami, Florida





Clubs

By **RALPH G. COOKSEY**
President, Florida Wildlife Federation

A Sportsman of Florida

HE is the man upon whom the ultimate future of Florida's natural wonderland depends. He is the man who prepares a few good patches of cover for the quail, and scatters handfuls of food for them when their preferred food is scarce. He is the man who liberates wild turkeys into an area where they may find protection and suitable food while they reproduce. He is the man who fights a wild fire threatening the habitat of game. He is the man who "passes" two or three birds before he fires. He is the man who takes only the amount of fish his family will use. He is the man who helps enforce the game and fish laws. He is the man who helps with cleaning out ponds, lakes, or streams to insure better breeding bottoms for fish. He is the man who helps train the youth of his community to understand the wildlife and what conservation means. He is the man who attends every meeting of his local conservation club and takes an active part in letting the public know that the club's objectives are preservation of our natural resources; not a group of burly men banded in a common interest to grab all of the game and fish that they can in a unified campaign of pleasure seeking. He is the man to whom the wildlife belongs as custodian, caretaker, and propagator. He is the best sportsman; a Florida sportsman.

What Spring Means to Your Club

Spring is planning time. Planning your program for the summer activities for both young and old. Tuning up the outboards, getting out camping equipment, new gear, and, perhaps, "junior's" first tackle equipment. But this is not all. The leaders of a Club must outline a program of work, too, in preparation for good fall and winter hunting season, so that the primitive element may survive.

The real latitude of each Club remains usually within the limits of its county

location. While a comprehensive interest in the state as a whole is necessary, yet if each club concerns itself with its own immediate territory the entire state will be dotted with fine conservation work, and the result will be a total reconstruction of wildlife resources.

Committees may now be set up for the following projects: acquisition of land for a preserve; survey of pond, lake and stream conditions; promotion of prizes for summer fishing contests for adults and juniors; outdoor week-end meetings and exhibitions of casting; statistical data, maps, etc., showing locations of released quail and turkeys; crow and skunk committee to arrange special crow shoots; farm contact committee for purpose of cooperating in game feeding, and permits to use land for hunting purposes next season; forestry committee to police against fire-spread; pollution abatement committee to report danger zones in and near shore lines of ponds, lakes and streams; fox committee to cooperate with State Fox Hunters' Association, a Federation affiliate; and an archery committee to revive this "one shot", fascinating artistic sport.

Any Club which does not have a private club house, or camp, should arrange to hold as many meetings as possible at some interesting outdoor spot to maintain the individual interest in outdoors life.

A new idea has been introduced which makes any meeting a novel get together. Parties of from eight to twelve members are assigned a certain area for an outdoor trek into the nearby woods and fields, some of whom frequently take their horses and dogs for exercise. Each party brings in a report of their findings and experiences to the next meeting. Notes are made covering anything of great interest to the club. These "parties" make a point of visiting farms when they come upon them, and introducing themselves by name and club. This practice of covering their county and approaching the farm folks has done much to create a feeling of confidence and friendliness among the people of the countryside, and in many instances has resulted in definite cooperation with the

club in game feeding, and an indication of willingness to permit hunting throughout the premises. Such cruises are both instructive and pleasant. Incidentally, many rodents and snakes have been killed on these outdoor expeditions, which always pleases the farmer when he hears about it.

If your club desires some exotic project, there is the game farm opportunity whereby an experimental project may be instituted to raise pheasants or the chub-partridge, both of which do well when properly attended. A state license for such a game farm costs only \$5.00. Spring is the right time to begin this type of project.

Clubs desiring to open their fishing contests or tournaments to other clubs may set up an "entrance fee" of a nominal amount, and thereby be enabled to offer much more extravagant prizes to the winners.

A large committee for junior conservation leadership should prove to advantage both to the club and to the progress of the juniors. If they may have a new face at every third or fourth meeting, and the new ideas of each man on the committee each time they rotate the "leadership," it will be found that interest will not lag on either the part of the juniors or the leaders.

Advice On Pollution Abatement

It is advisable for every club to immediately appoint a strong committee in readiness for a concentrated campaign to clear up Florida's polluted areas. The information on how to accomplish this is now being accumulated and soon will be released for the attention of every sportsman. This is a MUST, if protection is to be obtained to insure our safety in eating fish caught in certain areas. Failure to take action on this urgent matter may result in our "paradise" becoming a reeking "bad-lands" of the south. There should be no long or tedious struggle to reach the consciousness of the intelligent people of the inlands where improvements are needed to clean up the menace of careless drainage into our waters. Literature will be supplied every club for distribution among their citizens to acquaint them with what the sportsmen are trying to do, and to inform them of what may be done to meet this critical situation promptly and effectively from the individual standpoint.

Water is the very life-blood of Florida, her citizens and her wildlife. We have quantity, we must maintain quality, or experience a precarious survival. A thimble-full of water from some of Florida's best streams, taken into the human stomach would mean months of serious illness for the unfortunate consumer, yet we joyously take fish from these same waters and use them for food. Is it not up to the sportsmen to urge that this condition be remedied?

FLORIDA WILDLIFE

FEDERATION NOTES

OFFICERS

President.....Ralph Cooksey, St. Petersburg
Treasurer.....E. A. Markham, Gulfport

Recording Secretary.....George A. Speer, Sanford
Executive Secretary.....Mrs. Helen Sullivan

Engineering Society Discusses Pollution During Tampa Meet

TAMPA—Stream pollution came up for a lengthy discussion here April 22 during a meeting of the Florida Engineering Society at the Tampa Terrace hotel. Although numerous future plans for pollution abatement were presented, there was no indication that any immediate action is contemplated.

It was pointed out that under present federal provisions, all municipalities qualifying for federal aid on plants built for sewage disposal with chlorination processing, may obtain as much as \$250,000 for such projects.

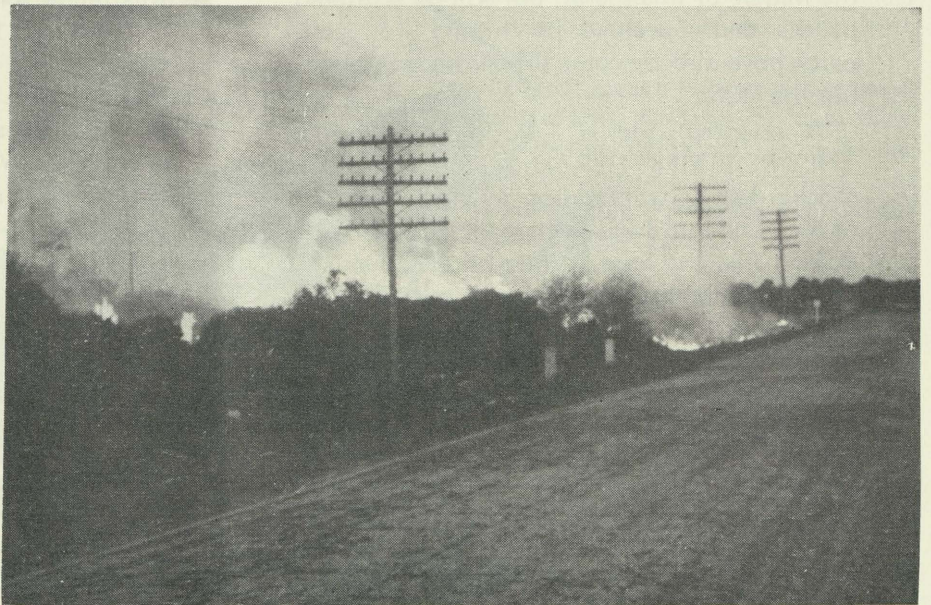
Ralph G. Cooksey, president of the Florida Wildlife Federation, attended the meeting and announced the intention of Florida sportsmen to aid in future pollution abatement. He declared they intend to make food fish in Florida's streams and lakes safe to eat and in addition provide health safety for bayou and bay fishing.

"It looks as though it may again be up to the sportsmen of the state to guide a program which will safeguard the interests of the fish as well as the fishermen themselves," Cooksey declared. He asserted that, with Carl Shoemaker, conservation director of the National Wildlife Federation, now serving on the federal water pollution control board, it's possible for Florida sportsmen to do much toward furthering an abatement program in this state once they put their shoulders to the wheel.

WOODS HEADS STEINHATCHEE CLUB

Wilton E. Woods was elected to head the Steinhatchee Sportsmen's Club during 1949 at a meeting held last month.

Other officers elected were: J. T. Bodiford, vice president; Allen A. Russell, secretary and treasurer, and A. M. Fletcher, B. Cooley, M. V. Taylor, H. J. Strickland and J. J. Tillman, directors.



While fighting this fire, Don Hoben, St. Petersburg, and two companions were cut off from escape. A back fire saved them. The fire destroyed a farm home and killed a number of wild turkeys.

Federation Helps Curb Illegal Woods Burners

ST. PETERSBURG—The Florida Board of Forestry and Parks offered added action to stop forest fires in central and south Florida recently after a complaint was lodged by the Florida Wildlife Federation.

The federation's request for added protection came shortly after Bill Wellman, federation vice-president, named the persons he had observed setting a fire that spread for many miles and destroyed valuable game habitat. A message received from C. Huxley Coulter, State forester, disclosed that the Forestry Department is as interested in preventing the loss of young timber from fires as the sportsmen are in protecting nesting areas and game habitat.

The fire resulted in the destruction of a farm house and the death of a number of wild turkeys.

DURING THE HATCHING season wild turkeys make a hissing sound in imitation of a snake as a protection against disturbers seeking their eggs.

Volusia Club Members Have Worthy Program

DeLand—Volusia Wildlife Association is active in restoration both of game and fish. Chairman Gene Fisher deployed 45 wild turkeys into the county woods, carried a map with him, and marked the locations of their whereabouts on it, later duplicating the sites on a larger map with colored pins for the convenience of association hunters when the season opens. President Strawn said that such wide-spread interest was created with this project that certain individuals purchased gobblers to provide company for the turkey hens.

Linck Jacobs, chairman of the fisheries committee, in a survey discovered that several lakes were dangerously low for the survival of the fish in them, and undertook to transfer the fish, some 3,000 pounds of them, consisting of bass, bream and speckled perch, into deeper lakes in the area. He says that this is only the fore-runner of such necessary transplantation, and that he will continue until all of Volusia's fish life is insured.

They're **BITING** Here

Florida freshwater fishing should continue "par excellent" until the end of May, but then look for a fall off to just "good." Bream and shell crackers will still be bedding into the middle of this month but will be scattered by the end. Speckled perch and warmouth perch have already come off the beds throughout the state.

A scientist and a "cracker" have told **THEY'RE BITING HERE** that bream and shell cracker fishing will be especially good the rest of May and into June. A fish, like a fisherman, doesn't like the heat. When hot weather hits the choice fishing will be found in the deeper holes near the shore, deep water, cool ponds beneath overhanging tree branches, and clear water under water plants.

★ ★ ★

ST. JOHNS RIVER

If you don't catch your limit of Florida's fightingest game fish, black bass, up and down the St. Johns River this month, you can't blame the bass. They are there in plentiful numbers. From Green Cove Springs on down the river the fish are biting to such an extent that **FLORIDA WILDLIFE** gives it the "best fishing grounds in Florida" award for May.

Bass are biting in Clay County along the St. Johns at the mouth of Clark's Creek, in Clark's Creek Cove, Silox Creek, Black Creek and Little Black Creek. Putnam County fishing folk are bragging about the best catches in years along the main body of the river as well as in Dunn's Creek, Crescent Lake, and Lake George near Palatka. Further south in Seminole County the bass are going for live bait and lures in a big way on the river and in Lake Jessup.

Down in deep South Florida on this river below Lake Winder in Orange County John Pirie and Don Roberts caught 80 bass on fly-rods in one day. They went back the second day and caught 70 more. For three successive days they brought out their limit, throwing back all those caught over the legal bag. The largest of these fish weighed 6 pounds.

The warmouth perch and bream are also

giving everyone who tries his luck with worms along this river and its tributaries an interesting time. However, black bass is still the prize drawing card. When you "square off" with this fellow someone is going to take a licking.

More luck has been had early in the morning and late in the evening than any other time. Shiners are top bait for bass, although artificial lures have been attracting some fine specimens. Worms are standard for warmouth perch and bream.

★ ★ ★

SUWANNEE RIVER

They're biting down on the Suwannee River. If you hanker for tasty pan fish, you should try the lower section along the shoreline of the river in Dixie County near Old Town. Stump knockers, shell crackers, blue bream and red bellies are giving worms a play in these waters. If you care to work up an appetite for these "good eating" fish, try for bass. You might be as fortunate as Jim Sharpe, John Boniford and Steve Hogan of Old Town who caught 23 here the other day.

Top water plugs and Hawaiian Wigglers are hauling in the bass along this stream near Chiefland in Levy County.

★ ★ ★

CALHOUN COUNTY

Fishing is good everywhere on the Apalachicola, Chipola and Ochlocknee Rivers in Calhoun County. The catfish, bream, shell crackers, and bass are biting early in the morning and late in the evening. Earthworms are the recommended bait for everything except bass and they are taking live bait and artificial lures.

★ ★ ★

LAKE OKEECHOBEE

Fly rod addicts are getting plenty of action on Lake Okeechobee around the bull rushes and pepper grasses. Black bass and crappie are being caught by lightweight anglers when rod and reel men are having no luck. However, the biggest hauls of all are being made by the cane polers and his live bait. Best fishing hours are in the very early morning and late evening.

STRICKEN WATERS

(Continued from Page 11)

made in 1897, when a crew of men and tugboats attempted to float the plants out to sea. The effort met a notable lack of success. Next a rig designed to crush the plants in the water was introduced. This worked fine, but within two weeks it was all to do over. Finally in 1902 someone conceived the bright idea of spraying with arsenic. The net result of this operation was a few sickly hyacinths and 300 dead cows.

It wasn't until about 1917 that anything remotely practical was found to remove hyacinths. This rig was a sort of endless chain conveyor which gathered up the weeds and tossed them out on the bank. The removal cost per acre with this apparatus, however, was about \$300, and the lasting benefits negligible. Some modification of the conveyor, though, continued to be about the only effective control instrument until a few years ago when a giant underwater saw was thrown into use. Because of the cost involved none of these methods were practical except as temporary relief measures.

Today, however, waterway engineers have what they believe is the answer to the eradication of hyacinths. During the war a group of scientists whipped up a powerful chemical plant killer which they gave the tongue-twisting label 2-4 Dichlorophenoloxycetic acid. The concoction, a powerful organic acid, was reportedly designed to spray on Japanese crops in case the Nips proved unduly troublesome. It failed to see wartime action, however, and with the cessation of hostilities was directed toward the more prosaic task of killing weeds. In 1946 Dr. R. V. Allison of the Everglades Experiment Station began toying with 2-4-D as a weapon to fight hyacinths. At first he thought his experiment was a failure because of the slow action of the chemical. However, the more it was used the more obvious its effects became.

2-4-D is a hormone agent that stimulates plant tissues to such an extent they simply burn themselves out. Very small concentrations are needed. The different brands of 2-4-D vary in strength, but on an average one quart mixed with 100 gallons of water will make a very effective spray. The chemical works with deceptive slowness. Generally it is from 5 to 11 weeks from the time of application before the hyacinths finally

give up the ghost and sink. Many local groups, though, make the mistake of spraying only once. Remember, no single application of 2-4-D will kill hyacinths! The plants grow in step-ladder succession. First there is the parent, then under it is a series of smaller plants. The initial spraying will take care of the cover plants, but it usually takes two more to completely wipe out the smaller ones.

There are several modes of distributing 2-4-D, ranging from back-pack sprays to airplanes. For small pools, ponds and shorelines, the back-pack sprayer is most practical and most economical. For larger areas and heavy concentrations a boat equipped with a power spray is most suitable. On particularly large lakes and streams application from airplanes works very well. The material cost of spraying with 2-4-D amounts to only about \$1.60 per acre. The operation cost varies according to type equipment used. The capital investment to set up a boat and power spray rig runs about \$300. Two men using such an outfit can cover about 8 acres a day. Total costs for the three applications needed to completely eradicate hyacinths generally runs between \$11 and \$13 an acre—a far cry from the \$300 to \$600 an acre spent for clearing streams a few years ago.

Yes, 2-4-D is a part of the answer to the hyacinth problem, but only a part. The remainder of the solution will come with an aroused public that recognizes the water hyacinth for what it is—a spreading cancer on the waters of Florida.



"Have you a branchless plug?"

WILD-GOOSE CAFETERIA

(Continued from Page 7)

stalks under the water and fed on the tender parts of the plant. They usually clean off the seed if any are left before they attack the stems and roots. They seem to like the stems, tender leaves and all the roots of the banana water lily and similar growths. Even the main roots are bitten time and time again, until it can be snaked off in pieces small enough to eat. The tender roots of the under water banana plant are eaten with relish.

Carpet grass furnished the most seed of any plant grown in the sodded section. It is very much to the birds' liking and they strip over the same area daily, walking through the grass as they feed.

I found that by order of their preference, my geese clientele liked grass-leaved sagittaria, water weed, coontail, banana water lily, under water banana plant, watershield, frogbit, thalia, bulrushes and smartweed.

Water weed is the only one in this group I will not recommend as a goose food. Although water weed is ideal in small ponds because it will grow fast and furnish food for a large number of birds, it will easily get out of hand where there are just a few birds.

Should more experiments of this kind be undertaken? Without qualification I say, "Yes." Something must be done if Florida's goose population is to stand the constant pressure of increasing human population, unending drainage and more intensive use of lands and waters, and at the same time a greater hunting demand on the part of more and more hunters.

Every girl knows the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. Then perhaps, the way to bring Mr. Goose to Florida like the tourist is by an appeal to his appetite.

Hillsborough County Wildlife Association has moved to have county taxes waived for property belonging to the Association, with the consent of the County Commissioners. The matter is now pending in the office of the County Attorney, and if successful will set up a precedent for other Clubs in the State operating fish hatcheries and preserves.

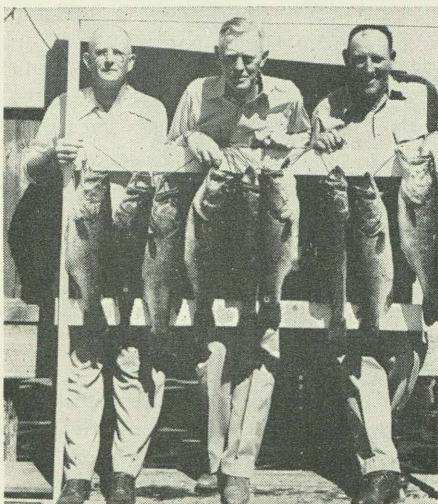


These perch were caught by Mrs. Minnie Lickel of Kansas City and Mrs. Harry Clark, Mount Dora. The fish were caught in Lake Dora.

State Skish Tourney Slated For St. Petersburg In May

Florida's hot shot casters will be trekking to St. Petersburg this month to compete in the State Skish Bait Casting tournament to be staged by the St. Petersburg Rod and Gun Club at Lake Maggoire May 29 and 30.

The course will be the regular 5/8 ounce plug Skish Accuracy and Skish distance. There will also be fly casting for accuracy and distance. On the program on which all casters throughout the state are invited to appear will be a ladies, boys and girls, and men's events.



Posing with 75 pounds of bass are (left to right): O. M. Pierce, Wichita Falls, Texas, Bob Kyle and Lynn Colbert, Duncan, Oklahoma. The fish represent a day's catch on Lake Apopka.

OTTER IS "TOUGH GUY"

J. R. Ward of Green Cove Springs discovered last month that an otter is just about as tough as a Florida wildcat.

It happened when Ward went too close to Big Potsburg Creek near Green Cove Springs with three deer dogs. An otter that lives in the creek didn't like his intruders and attacked the party—Ward, dogs and all. The dogs and the otter were able to take care of themselves but Ward received a nine-inch stitch wound in his hand.

The irate otter finally retreated under the dogs' attack.

Hunting License Sales Set All-time Record

Florida hunting license sales hit an all-time high during the 1948-49 season, the State Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission revealed this month.

The wildlife agency's records showed that 106,183 licenses were sold for a \$426,885 total. This is compared to 100,688 licenses issued for \$404,059 during the 1947-48 season.

Coleman Newman, director of the State Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, said that the new high hit in license sales prove that hunting is "big business" in Florida. He added that the commission expects the number of sales next season to exceed these of the '48-'49 hunt.

The records disclose the increases in sales were evenly distributed among the resident, non-resident, state and county permits granted.

Committee Proposal Hits At State Rights

Late word from Washington reveals that the House Agricultural Appropriations Committee has made recommendations in its appropriations bill for the fiscal year of 1950 that the federal government regulate hunting in national forests.

Says the committee report: "In many instances the foraging in the national forests of deer, elk, and other wild game amounts to depredation. While it is believed the Forest Service, through its employees, has full authority to kill wild game on the forests necessary to protect the forests from depredation, it has not been done. The more practical method would be to increase the number of hunting licenses issued, and increase the bag limit, particularly with respect to the shooting of doe. Such authority at present lies exclusively with the states within which the national forest lands are situated. It is possible that federal legislation, if enacted, would permit the Forest Service to issue hunting licenses, fix bag limits, et cetera, within the boundaries of the national forests to the extent that would bring this situation under control. The committee has no knowledge that the Forest Service has ever proposed or recommended any measures of this sort."

Under policies established for the management of national forests, the regulation of hunting has always been left to the states in which the individual forests are located. It seems certain that sportsmen and game officials in the various states are certain to oppose this proposal vigorously as an infringement of states' rights.



Georgia State Senator Ed. Johnson of Columbus, proudly poses with an afternoon's catch on Dead Lakes. The three bass weigh 27 pounds.

FLORIDA WILDLIFE

Sausage Fish Cost 5 Cents Per Pound

State seining crews netting fish that can be converted into fish sausage cut their operating expense more than half during the last three months, says John F. Dequine, Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission chief fisheries biologist.

Removal costs—upped by a big initial investment—were 11 cents per pound for the last quarter of 1948. From January through March of this year the cost fell to five cents per pound.

Dequine said the commission expected to net the unusable gar, mudfish, gizzard shad, and suckers for three cents a pound in the near future and then offer them on the market at that price to any fish sausage manufacturer that would care to operate in Florida.

The biologist said that several food producing plants in the state, with the apparent idea of turning to fish sausage manufacturing, had asked the commission to quote a price on its rough fish. It will not be long, Dequine added, until we can offer them a dependable supply of these fish at three cents a pound.

Fish sausage manufacturing is simple. Dequine said the rough fish are cooked under pressure, bones and all, ground carefully and stuffed into sausage casings. Wildlife agency officials who have tried the product of a Minnesota fish sausage dealer say the taste is similar to fine ham.



Office personnel of the State Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission enjoys a snack of fish sausages sent to it by a Minnesota manufacturer. The sausage can be made from gar, mudfish, and other rough fish.

BASS GROW FAST

Jack's bean stalk has nothing on Florida's black bass.

Wayne Dyer caught a fish in Lake Hatchineha near Winter Haven which evidence proves grew 9 ounces in one month. This means, of course, that a five-year-old bass would weigh something like 34 pounds.

Dyer boated a 3-pound bass that was tagged. He sent the tag to the State Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission and found that the fish weighed 2 pounds, 7 ounces when it was tagged one month earlier.

Collier's Asks For A Pay As You Hunt Plan

American sportsmen were asked to campaign for "pay as you hunt" legislation in a recent Collier's Weekly editorial.

A hunting and fishing license represents the right to hunt and fish, the editorial said, but in addition, the sportsman should pay proportionately for the game he removes. The price to be based on the abundance or scarcity of the variety, the market value and its replacement cost.

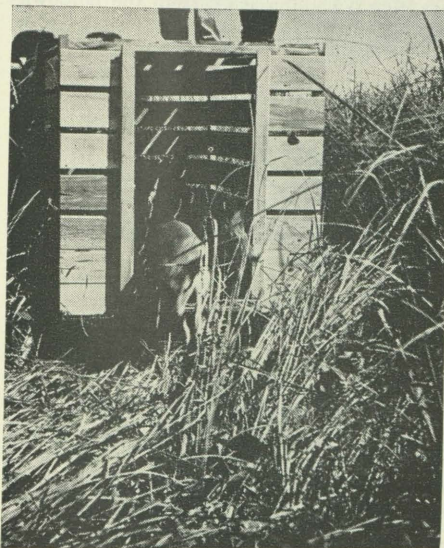
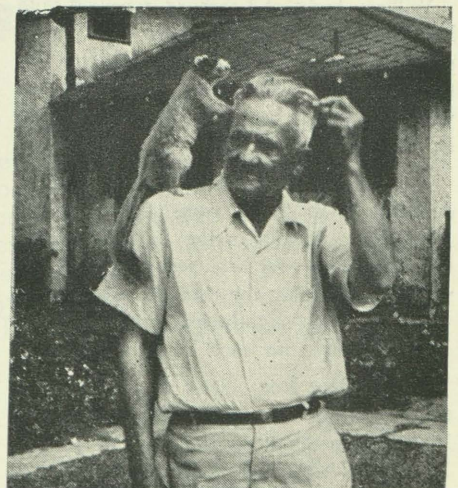
Asking for legislation to protect the American wildlife heritage, the editorial pointed out that the money would be used to "restore nature's balance which has been destroyed" by reclaiming breeding areas, planting food supplies, propagating and liberating more animals, birds, and fish.

Lake Wales Man's Pet Squirrel Can't Check Pencil Chewing Habit

"Mr. Thumper," a pet fox squirrel, and J. L. Wester, Sr., of Lake Wales have become the best of "buddies" since Thumper was adopted when only a few hours old.

Mr. Thumper enjoys a varied program of recreation with his buddy, but just like people, he has his peculiarity — Thumper loves wooden pencils! He chews them neatly and quickly, leaving only the bare lead. Once he has a pencil clenched in his paws, he defies anyone to reclaim it. No one is safe in his vicinity if they have a pencil on them. Strangers and friends are all alike to Thumper, the born pencil thief.

"Thumper" and his buddy, J. L. Wester, Sr.



A Wisconsin white-tailed deer is shown as he leaps to freedom in South Florida's Everglades, near Ft. Lauderdale. This is part of the State Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission's restocking campaign to build up the deer supply throughout the state.



Pretty kitty. Eleanor Sweat, 2-year-old daughter of Wildlife Officer T. R. Sweat of Seville, isn't afraid of a Florida wildcat. Especially since "daddy" had just killed it with a .38 calibre revolver. The cat weighed 27 pounds.

Little Cops Honors In Bass Tournament

Julian R. Little, of Leesburg, won the 22nd annual National Fresh Water Bass Tournament held in Leesburg this year, with a 13 pound 4½ ounce bass caught on live bait in Bright Lake. Little was awarded a 12-foot plywood boat for the grand prize. In addition, to the bass prize awarded, Pete Sulen, of Lady Lake, was given a reel for the largest catfish caught during the tournament, a 24 pounder. Homer Hooks, of Leesburg, and Robert Puckett of Fruitland Park tied for honors on perch with catches of two pounders each. They were awarded boxes of assorted fishing tackle for their prizes.

William Arzig, of Leesburg, received high honors for small mouth bass with an 8 pound 4 ounce catch while S. S. Holt, of Graham, North Carolina, was runner-up with a 4 pound bass caught in little Lake Harris.

G. P. Holt, Chairman of the tournament declared that there were approximately 100% more entries in the Annual Tournament than had ever been recorded. 100 bass weighed in during the contest amounted to 876 pounds or slightly less than 9 pounds average weight for each bass.

Five highest bass entries were Julian Little, Leesburg, 13 pounds 4½ ounces; Ben Parrish, Bloomington, Indiana, 12 pounds 10 ounces; Mrs. Paul Miller, Poland, Ohio, 12 pounds; Ronald Larson, Kennedy, Minn., 11 pounds 9 ounces; John Wooley, Leesburg, 11 pounds 9 ounces.

Florida's Eglin Field To Get Georgia Bears

Wildlife Officer Ross Summers of Liberty County went to Georgia this month to trap bears from Okefenokee Swamp and "bring 'em back alive" to Northwest Florida's Eglin Field Military Reservation.

Coleman Newman, the State Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission director, said the bears will be used to restock the reservation for hunting purposes. If plans progress as expected, he added, in five years "some of the best bear hunting in the south-east" will be had in this area.

Three Counties In Northwest Florida After Game Refuge

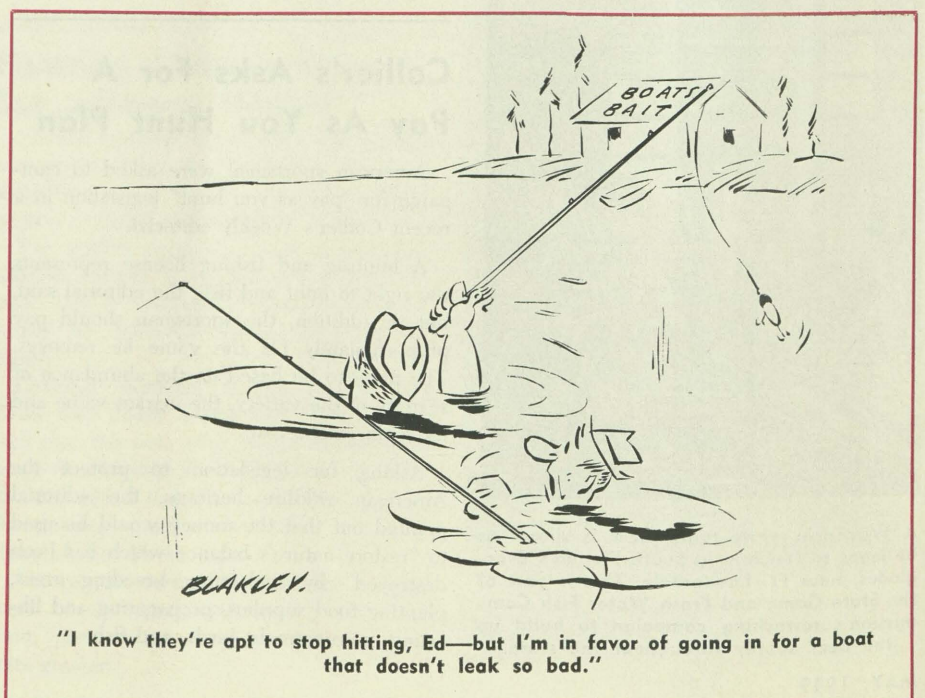
Sportsmen clubs in three counties urged the State Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission to establish a vast game preserve in Northwest Florida last month.

The Lake Area Sportsmen's Club of Jackson County started the ball rolling when it proposed to set aside an area embracing a section of southwestern Jackson, north Bay and northwest Calhoun counties. The preserve would be stocked with deer, turkey and quail and closed to hunting for a period of five years. After expiration of this closed period, hunting would be allowed under special permit.

Then in subsequent meetings, Calhoun County's Sportsmen's Club nodded its approval to the plan and the Bay County Sportsmen's Club not only favored the proposal but asked for additional acreage to be included which would double the size of the originally proposed protected area.

The proposal, which was incorporated into the original plan, asked the game commission to establish a game preserve reaching from about a mile south of Round Lake to the Intercoastal Canal near Wewahitchka. The commission has made a preliminary survey of the area to be included in the "possible preserve."

T. K. Barefield, of Panama City, announced at the meeting that virtually all of the acreage desired could be obtained for the preserve under lease from the landowners.



SMART FISHERMEN



DOUSE CAMP FIRES

BREAK MATCHES



SNUFF OUT CIGARETTES

There are 108 fire towers which have been built in Florida to help in detecting forest fires.



Fishermen know the danger of forest fires. They are careful with fire in the woods. They know that fires each year burn an average of five million acres of forest land in Florida. These same fires destroy wildlife and kill fish by polluting streams. That's why fishermen ask you to help them keep fires out of our wooded areas. They want to Keep Florida Green.

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